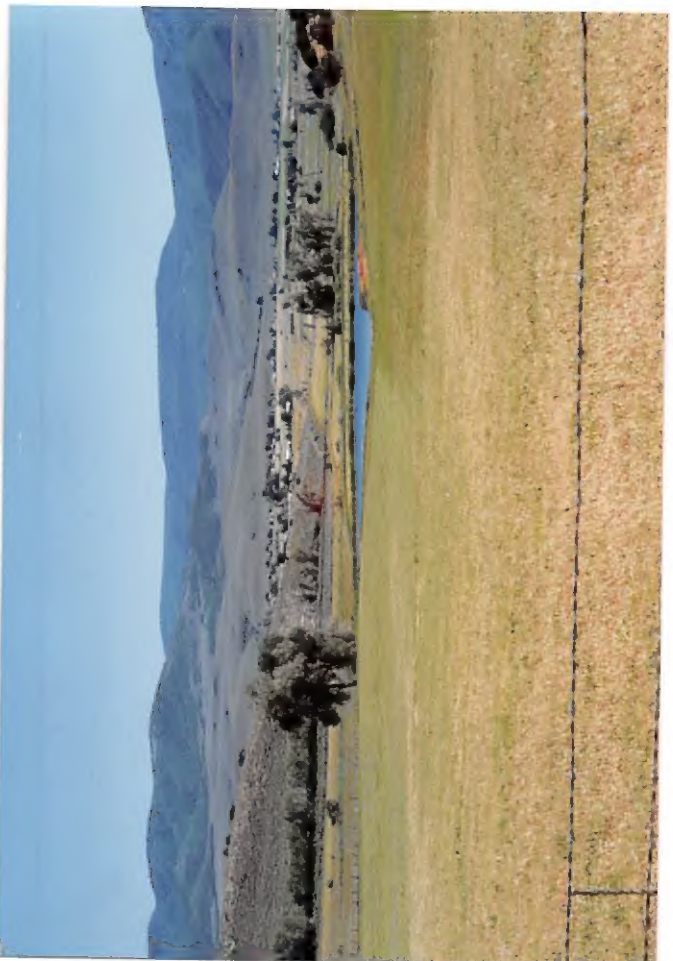


Lindsay's Bell

Lindsay Bell





WILLIAM AND MARY MAIR LINDSAY



William Lindsay was born February 11, 1847, in Scotland. He was still in his ninth year when he went to the coal mine to assist his father and brother Robert. He remembers never seeing the sun in winter, except on Sunday, and of his mother waking them to get them off to the mine, with tears in her eyes because of their youth and the hard work required. The mine law said a boy must be 10 years old to be employed. One day the boss came into the mine and, seeing William, he asked if he was 10. William said he was not quite. The boss asked him to spell Carmelbank, which he did. He also gave him a book to read, which satisfied him as he said, "You are a clever boy and deserve a shilling." This was the first money he had ever been given and was proud of it. He had lost the sight of his right eye when two years old. His father was killed in the coal mine when he

was 14. With his mother and seven brothers and sisters, they left Scotland and sailed for Zion, arriving in Heber on September 21, 1862. He accepted a job on a farm, receiving \$100 a year, payable in grain, to help feed the family. He later acquired an ox team and heavy wagon, and hauled coal from Silver Creek to Salt Lake to help the family. In 1866 he joined the territorial militia, as the Black Hawks were on the war path, for which service he in later years received a pension. To be able to do this he led an oxen team laden with produce to Salt Lake to buy guns for he and his brothers to use.

In the fall of 1867 he was one of three men chosen to go from Heber to haul granite blocks from Little Cottonwood Canyon to Salt Lake to build the Temple. In 1868 he drove an ox team and wagon in a caravan that brought immigrants from the Platte River to Salt Lake City. On December 15, 1868, he married Mary Mair, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake. It took two days to make the trip with oxen. His brother Robert and his sweetheart, Sarah Ann Murdock, went along and they were married the same day. Their mother accompanied them. While in the city they bought 100 pounds of flour for \$10, two straight chairs, a small rocker, one brass kettle of molasses, a few other needed things, and started home. But one of the oxen became lame and Mary had to take turns prodding it along behind the sleigh. Their first home was built of logs, a cellar with sandstone wall and floor, on the corner of Third East and First North, where Lowe Ashton now lives. Mary was a fine homemaker. She had worked in homes where she learned the fundamentals of cooking nursing, sewing, etc. She was kind and cheerful, as was her husband, and they got along fine, each working to help make life a successful, happy adventure.

William entered a homestead on Lake Creek in 1876, taking their three little ones. They worked hard grubbing sagebrush to clear the land, build ditches for water, and all that goes to make a good farm. A seven-room farmhouse took the place of the first log cabin, and in 1876 William walked to Salt Lake to file for his citizenship papers. Although he was not privileged to obtain an education, he studied and did what

he could to help himself. Being anxious to help others, he held a night school in his own home. He was an exceptionally fine penman and speller, loved poetry, and delighted his family and friends with his own compositions. Among his poems is "Lovely Provo Valley." He also wrote many family histories for friends. He held many responsible positions in his Church and was very public-minded, being happy to be among those who would donate to public buildings and worthwhile projects. He was 58 years old when he moved his family from the farm to a house he owned in Heber, and went to England on a two-year mission. He visited relatives in Scotland before his return in 1907.

He was a good, honest, and kind man, being respected by all who knew him. He was 86 years old when he died, May 14, 1932.

His good wife Mary was born July 31, 1852, at Gaswater, Scotland. She came with her mother and brothers, Andrew and Alexander Mair, to Heber in 1864. They had a long, hard journey and she had mountain fever several weeks. However, with good food and care she soon mended after her arrival here.

Although their farm was three miles east of Heber, on the east side of Lindsay's Hill, they seldom were tardy or missed their meetings. She served in many Church capacities. A good cook, she made many fancily decorated three-tiered wedding cakes for people. Her services among the sick were unlimited until her health broke down. She was the daughter of Allan and Mary Murdoch Mair, and died June 3, 1916, at the age of 63. Yet she had lived a rich, full life of service cheerfully given. Their children were: Mary M. (Mamie Lindsay), William Howie, James Lyon, John Allan, Andrew Alexander, Crissie, David Pryde, and Annie.

Three children died in their youth.

ROBERT LINDSAY



Born 19 April 1845 at Gatehead, Ayrshire, Scotland.

My father, William Lindsay, was born in Wanlockhead, Scotland, on 15 May, 1820. His father was Robert Lindsay and his mother Elizabeth Geddes. They were born the same day, August 22, 1799. My mother, Christina Howie, was born in Craighall, Ayrshire, Scotland, 3 July 1823. Her father was William Howie and her mother was Jane Blackwood.

William Lindsay and Christina Howie were married on 14 May 1844, and in 1848

CENTER CREEK BIOGRAPHIES

were baptized into the Church. He was killed in a coal mine accident 17 October 1861 and was buried in St. Andrews Church yard in the town of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland.

On the 16th of April, 1862, a letter came to us to be in Liverpool in three days. The letter came on Thursday, and on Saturday we left our home. Oh what a rush and bustle as mother, William, James, Andrew, Sam, Jean, Bell and Elizabeth and I hurried to get ready. We sailed on April 22, 1862. The sailing ship was John J. Boyd. We landed in New York 4 June 1862, and then on to Hannibal and St. Joseph, Mo. It took ten days to reach Florence, Neb. We left there 22 July 1862 on the 1,000-mile trip West. Some had violins, accordions, concertinas, so we were happy in our venture. Mother brought father's violin.

We came right on to Heber, arriving Friday, 21 September 1862. George Muir, married to mother's cousin, met us in Silver Creek and invited us to his home, but mother learned of a house for sale, so she bought it, paid for it in cloth she had brought with her. The house had a lumber roof, unlike most of the dirt roofed houses of the times.

On Monday the 23rd, I went to work for George Carlile for \$100 a year, to be paid in grain at \$2 a bushel. I was awkward at cutting grain with an old cradle, but was willing to learn.

Long hard years followed, hauling wood, coal and rock all by ox team. I hauled rock from Cottonwood Canyon to Salt Lake for the Temple.

Robert Lindsay and Sarah Ann Murdock, William Lindsay and Mary Mair, decided to get married 12 Dec. 1868. We started to Salt Lake with two yoke of oxen on a wagon. Mother and Ann Richardson and three children went along. It was sure slow going. We camped at Parleys Park the first night and at N. C. Murdock's and Esther's home the next night. On the 14th we went to the Endowment House, but there was such a crowd before us, we had to wait until the next day, so we had our pictures taken. We found two more couples from Heber for the same purpose—Joseph Moulton and Lizzie Giles, Albert McMillen and Nancy Jane Ross. Daniel H. Wells married us. We bought 100 pounds of flour for \$10, two chairs and a rocker, one gallon of molasses and a brass kettle to take home. That night we slept at John Muirs. All slept on the floor. Mother

along with the rest. The next day William and Mary went to Heber. We stayed in Salt Lake City for a few days. We four lived in my house that winter, ate at the same table and paid our share of the food bill. I helped William build his log cabin in Heber.

In 1876 I was admitted as a citizen of the USA. On May 6, 1877 we moved to Lake Creek where we had homesteaded. William and I each had built a log cabin. We each had four children at that time. William and I worked together for a good many years, sharing equally. The boys were now getting old enough to help as we decided to split the homestead. I took the eastern portion and built me a two-room log cabin and moved into it. Our walks and steps were of sandstones, the quarry was not far from our home, and I worked there, getting rock out for houses and churches. My good wife often had to shear the sheep, washed the wool, picked it and spun it into yarn, then wove it into cloth to make the family clothes. She even made a suit for me—the one I wore to be married. She and the children white-washed her walls and steps, with clay from the pit found on Uncle William's place, and she kept it always nice and clean. The children had a nice bedroom in the attic, which was reached by going up some steps nailed on the wall. There were straw filled ticks all over the floor and the children were just as happy as could be.

In 1887 Robert Lindsay was called on a mission to Australia. He went west by way of the Hawaiian Islands and returned from the east, making a complete circle of the world. Three converts by the name of Meyers, came back with him.

His wife Sarah Ann had worked exceptionally hard with the help of all of the children while he was away. After he returned from Australia the boys left home, seeking work and he worked hard to keep things going with his large family.

He kept faithfully at his work in the church, serving on the high council of the stake and often walking the entire distance to Wallburg and return to make his visits. Sometimes he took the short cut up over the hill from Daniels Creek to save time.

On July 19, 1911, he was stacking hay. A load on the fork was over him on the stack when the derrick pole broke, the load struck him crushing his ribs. This occurred about

11 a.m. near the home in Lake Creek. He died about 4 p.m. the same day.

His younger brother William, with whom he worked closely all his life had this to say of Robert, "He was an earnest worker in the Church and an honest, hard working citizen, well respected in the community by everybody. He labored hard to support his family and build up the country."